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THE SCOT,

At Home and Abroad

*Being the substance of a Lecture delivered by THE
SCOTTISH CANADIAN POET,*

JOHN IMRIE,

TORONTO, CANADA.

*With which are incorporated the following Original
Poems :—*

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[1893]

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1898,
by IMRIE, GRAHAM & Co., Toronto, Can.

THE
IMRIE, GRAHAM & CO.
TORONTO, CAN.

PREFATORY.

THE patriotic Scot abroad derives peculiar satisfaction and pleasure from the study of the characteristics of his countrymen in the dear old land, and from the contemplation of his kinsmen's valour in war and his virtues in peace, as preserved in the traditions and records of Scotland. Reminiscences of Home never lose their power abroad, but, on the contrary, feed the flame of national sentiment, for surely no son is prouder of his mother than the Scot from home is of the land of his fathers, whose bens and glens and heroes he loves and venerates with inextinguishable ardour.

The following pages afford an example of how that sentiment finds an outlet, in prose and verse. The author is known at home and abroad as an enthusiastic and intelligent worker in the Scottish field—singing Scotland's praises, helping her sons to make a right start on the path in life leading to success and honour, fulfilling his duty as a good citizen and man, in such a way as to exemplify the best qualities of the race whence he sprung.

The lecture has been delivered before several Scottish Canadian assemblies, and this summary has been published at the suggestion of a few friends who think it may prove suitable as a reading at meetings of Scottish Societies during the winter evenings when speech, song and story go around. With this view I agree, believing the members of Caledonian and Sons of Scotland Societies will find the lecture to be instructive and entertaining on such occasions.

ALEXANDER FRASER, M.A.,

Grand Chief, Sons of Scotland.

TORONTO, ONT.
August, 1898.

POETICAL PREFACE.

SCOTLAND FOREVER !

“SCOTLAND FOR EVER !”

——Yes ! who dares say, No !
Tread her battle-fields—read *their* story !
First—aye, and last—to strike Liberty’s blow,
Old Scotland for ever and glory !

“SCOTLAND FOR EVER !”

——by land or by sea,—
Yes ! wherever a British flag waves ;
Her motto is “DO, DARE, DIE—OR BE FREE !”
Death to tyrants and freedom to slaves !

“SCOTLAND FOR EVER !”

——in Commerce or Trade
Discovery, Conquest, and Learning ;
At home and abroad a name she has made—
Brain, muscle, and nerve well discerning.

“SCOTLAND FOR EVER !”

——in Home, Church, and School,
God’s precepts were early imparted ;
Love, Chivalry, Honour, and Freedom’s rule,
Were taught by our parents true-hearted !

“SCOTLAND FOR EVER !”

——our motto shall be,
Her memories, dear, let us cherish ;
If we forget thee—“Auld Scotland, the free !
Let our names and our mem’ry perish !

Toronto, Ont.

—JOHN IMRIE

THE SCOT, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

*Substance of a Lecture delivered by JOHN IMRIE, the Scottish-
Canadian Poet, Toronto, Canada.*

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1898,
by IMRIE, GRAHAM & Co., Toronto, Can.

THE immortal Scottish poet, Sir Walter Scott, has faithfully portrayed the patriotic—and the unpatriotic—individual, in the following well-known and oft-quoted canto :—

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
 This is my own—my native land !
Whose heart within him ne’er hath burn’d,
As home his footsteps he hath turn’d,
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe—go ! mark him well !
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
Though high his titles—proud his name—
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf—
The wretch !—concentr’d all in self—
Living—shall forfeit fair renown,
And—doubly-dying—shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,—
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

Love of country, or devotion to one’s birthplace, is the strongest and most universal trait of human character the wide world over ! No one seems ashamed, or disappointed, in regard to the location, climatic environment, or seeming disadvantages of his native land, whether that may be in the far frozen North, or the distant sunny South, the rolling prairies of America, the burning sands of the thirsty desert, or the lovely and lonely coral islands of the

great Pacific Ocean,—to each and all of the inhabitants of these lands, there is, most emphatically, “no place like home,” be it ever so humble! This is a God-given principle, otherwise, the human race, with its diversity of color, manners and customs, would not be found scattered over the face of the whole earth. Ask the Laplander to exchange his eternal snows, and ice-bound seas, and frozen hut for the jungles of India or Africa, and he will tell you the penalty would be Death! or, the painted and naked savage, “panting at the line,” be driven to the northern latitudes of Greenland, his first terrible winter’s experience would inevitably be death!

“This, however, would not be the fate of European travellers, as a rule, for the inhabitants of more temperate climates, such as Europe and America, have ever been the explorers of the world’s utmost bounds, and that, too, almost without fatal results from climatic variation. This, also, is a wise provision of the Almighty, so as to populate and re-juvenate the earth, and spread the knowledge of the Gospel of Peace, the blessings of Commerce, and the Civilization of more progressive nations, in course of time, over the whole world. This noble work—the dissemination of Divine truth, the cultivation of the arts and sciences, commerce and trade—seems in large measure, a work destined to be accomplished by an English-speaking people, largely drawn from both sides of the Atlantic, through the blessing and guidance of God. Moreover, this great work can only be successfully accomplished by a free and independent people, and such are the inhabitants of the British Islands,—England, Ireland, and Scotland.

It is of Scotland and the Scotch, however, that we would more particularly dilate in this short paper, as our subject is “The Scot, at Home and Abroad.”—his patriotism, love of country, local peculiarities, and inherent disposition for travel, adventure, and enterprise.

Sons of Scotland! land of freedom!

Sons of noble sires, all hail!

Let your watchword aye be “Freedom!”

You shall evermore prevail!

Let the wrong be deeply hated,

Let the right be prized like love,

Martyr-courage unabated,

Trusting in your God above!

Sons of Scotland ! bards historic
Sang your deeds of noble fame,
Let not tyranny plethoric
Tarnish your unsullied name ;
History gives us what we cherish,
Ours to still maintain the right,
May that history never perish,
Though we perish in the fight !

Like the waters from our fountains,
Giving strength to flesh and bone ;
Like the thistle on our mountains,
Harmless, if but let alone !
Ours to shield the needy stranger,
Ours to lead the erring right ;
Ours to stand in time of danger,
And, if need be, ours to fight !

Dear old Scotia ! land of flowers,
Land of mountain, hill, and vale,
Land of sunshine, shade, and showers,
Land of river, loch, and dale ;
Land of ever-changing beauty,
Land of liberty and love ;
Scotchmen ! tread the path of duty,
Till you reach yon land above !

Scotland, that "land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood," as sung by the immortal Scott, is a small country, numerically and geographically, compared with other nations and countries ; yet, her sires and sons are found at the front, in intelligence and enterprise, in every known and habitable part of the globe ! At home, "in bonnie Scotland," the Scot is true and loyal to his God, his country, and his kirk ! In all of Britain's battles and glorious victories, the Scottish Highlander has ever taken his full share of fighting and honours ; and where loyalty, sacrifice, energy, patience, and pluck are wanted, there will you find a Scotchman, either in the army or the navy, the pulpit or the bench, the platform or the haunts of science, in commerce or in trade, in love or war, "Scotty" is "aye ready," and, "man tae man the warld ower," he'll hold his own—and win—with any representative of any other nation on the earth's round, rugged surface !

No later than the 20th of October, 1897, was this noble spirit of

self-sacrifice, loyalty, and indomitable courage displayed, by the gallant charge of the Gordon Highlanders, on the Dargai Heights, in India, which I will now try to describe to you in my latest poem on that subject, entitled—

“THE COCK O’ THE NORTH.”

At the taking of the Dargai Heights, in India, by the gallant charge of the Gordon Highlanders, in which “the pipers”—Findlater and Milne—took such a noble part, when one of them (Findlater) played on at the pipes even after having been shot through both legs, his native courage, pluck, and bravery impelling him to play these inspiring melodies, the “Cock o’ the North,” and “The Haughs o’ Cromdale,” even leaning on his wounded stumps. This act of almost unparalleled heroism has won him the Victoria Cross, and the undying admiration of brave men of every nationality the wide world over.

“Gordon Highlanders! Charge!”—The pipers play’d :
 Not a soul drew back—not a man afraid !
 “The Cock o’ the North!” crow’d loud in their ears,
 As they answered back with three British cheers !
 Up the Dargai Heights the Gordons flew,—
 It was “Death or Victory” well they knew ;
 Yet, as long as they heard the pipers play
 Foot-by-foot they climb’d for the bloody fray !

While the enemy rain’d down deadly shot,
 And the ranks were thinn’d where the fire was hot,
 Still the pipers play’d on with might and main,
 As the Gordons charged for the heights again !
 With a rush and a bound they scal’d the height,—
 Hark!—“Bayonets, Charge!”—how the Gordons fight !
 While, ’mid carnage and blood, the pipers fell,
 On stumps play’d they “Cock o’ the North” right well !

Ere the bugle sounded at set of sun
 The heights were taken!—the battle was won !
 ’Mid the groans of dying and wounded men,
 Findlater was heard “at his pipes” again !
 It cheer’d the dying in their last despair,—
 Such music and “Victory” rent the air :
 “Through the Valley of Death” then march’d they forth,
 To the martial strains of “Cock o’ the North !”

Oh! mothers at home! mourn not for your sons,
 Though they bravely fell ’neath the rebel guns ;
 Their deeds shall be told till the end of time,—
 To fall like a hero is death sublime !

In the battle of life this lesson teach :
We all have "Our Dargai Heights" to reach ;
And, gain we the summit, or, fighting, fall,
God crowns his heroes at Death's roll-call !

"Nae doot !" the Scot has his faults and his failings, but they are ever and always subordinate to his virtues ! He is called "clannish !" "unea' canny !" and "close-fisted" in regard to money-matters. In other nationalities, these virtues would be styled "friendly," and "extremely prudent," and "over-cautious" traits of character ! He is said, also, to be over-fond "o' a drap o' guid whiskey !" but a "canny Scot" "kens whan he is fu'" long before he gets into that "happy and helpless condition" known as "incapable," in other countries outside of Scotland ! A Scotchman is very seldom known "to lose his head" so far as not to know, and be able to demonstrate, "how many shillings there are in a pound," or "how mony bawbees there are in a saxpence !"

As an illustration of this faculty, I will relate a short anecdote, introducing Watty and Meg ! They were a worthy couple ; but Watty had one great fault, that, at rare intervals, gave Meg some concern—he occasionally came home rather early—"the wee short 'oor ayont the twal !" was what Meg described as "the deed 'oor o' nicht," and nae decent man—especially her Watty—should be abroad at that unearthly hour ! On such occasions, Meg always waited up for him, "nursing her wrath to keep it warm !"

The clock struck One ! and soon Watty's unsteady footsteps were resounding on the stairhead, and he was knocking humbly at the door ! Meg quickly opened the door, candle in hand, and surveyed him from head to foot, as he took a seat sheepishly on a chair.

"Whare hae ye been at this—the deed hour o' nicht ?" demanded Meg.

"Where was I—I was at a funeral," answered Watty, solemnly.

Meg was immediately off her guard—her womanly curiosity was aroused—and Watty, even "in his cups," was master of the situation.

"Aye," queried Meg, "wha's funeral was ye at, at this—the deed hour o' nicht ?"

"Annie's !" answered Watty, mildly.

"Annie wha ?" asked Meg, excitedly.

"Oh! ye ken—Annie—Annie——!"

"Oot wi' it, Watty! What Annie was ye burying?"

"Oh! fine ye ken, an' I'm rael glad she's deed!"

"Mercy me! what's her name?" pleaded Meg.

"Annie-mosity," roared Watty, blowing out the candle, "and in an instant all was dark!"

But there are other and better "failings" applicable to the Scottish character. He is almost invariably obedient, thoughtful, dutiful, and affectionate towards "his mither!" A Scotchman, without "a mither tae brag aboot," was never heard of in Scotland, and "his mither" is aye the best and the kindest mither that ever was honoured with sons! Hear how he weeps and wails over her, long years after she is dead and gone, and he has returned from his wanderings on a foreign shore. On his return, where do his first footsteps wander?—is it to the haunts of his boyhood? No! it is to "the auld kirk-yard where mither sleeps!" There he kneels, and bares his head reverently, as at a holy shrine, and wells his heart forth in these touching and tender strains:—

"MY DEAR AULD MITHER'S GRAVE."

I stan' beside the cauld head-stane,
 An' wat it wi' my tears;
 An' whisper, "*Mither, here's your wean*
You hav'na' seen for years!"
 When last I saw your dear, sweet face,
 An' heard your kindly tone,
 I little thought that this dread place
 So soon would claim its own.

I'd plann'd to tak' you ower the sea
 To comfort an' to ease,
 Whaur you could end your days wi' me,
 An' dae maist as you please;
 But, ah! the Lord had ither plans,
 An' sent for you Himsel';
 His ways are no' aye like to man's,
 Yet does He a' things-well!

But, though you canna come to me,
 I yet shall gang to you,
 When death shall set my spirit free
 I'll mount yon starry blue,

Where grief an' partings are no more
Nor Death, nor any pain,
You'll welcome me on Canaan's shore,—
We'll never part again !

Farewell ! most sacred spot to me,
My dear auld mither's grave,
I'll think o' thee when ower the sea,
Ayont Atlantic's wave ;
Our graves may yet be far apart,
Our spirits joined shall be,
There's aye a green spot in my heart,
My mither, dear, for thee !

A man that loves and reverences his mother's memory like that is not a creature to be dreaded or distrusted. That mother brought up her children in the fear of God, and fed them daily "on parritch, the Shorter Catechism, and the Confession of Faith," and they suffered not from such fare either in soul or body. The Scotch father and mother are a unit in their efforts to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Rare filial affection, in the family circle, is the rule—with few exceptions—in a well brought up Scottish home, and "mither's advice" is always respected and valued by her dutiful sons and daughters, backed and endorsed by that of her "leal and loyal guidman," for the father invariably advises all his children to

"TAK' AYE YER MITHER'S ADVICE!"

Come, lasses and lads, noo listen to me—
Tak' aye your mither's advice !
If ye wad be wise, an' escape life's snares,
Gang hame an' tell mither your joys an' cares,
You're aye in her thochts, an' aft in her prayers,
Sae, tak' your mither's advice !

Her counsel is wise an' safe to follow—
Then, tak' your mither's advice !
'She's kent ye the langest o' ony on earth,
'Tended ye weel since the day o' your birth,
She'll soothe you in pain, or join you in mirth,
Sae, tak' your mither's advice !

Dinna think ye ken as muckle as her,
 But tak' your mither's advice !
 Wha tak's her advice prosperity wins,
 A biddenless wean to destruction rins,
 She kens life's sorrows, its oots an' its ins,
 Sae, tak' your mither's advice.

When lads come courtin' in her aye confide,
 An' tak' your mither's advice !
 If they're weel daein' she'll no say them, Nay,
 But bid them come ben an' be cheerie as day,
 The lad likes a lassie that acts in that way,
 An' tak's her mither's advice !

Should lads ever say—"Noo, dinna you mind,
 Don't tak' your mither's advice !"
 You'll find oot in time, tho' mebbe too late,
 He's no your best frien', an', left to your fate,
 You'll learn this lesson—'tis better to wait,
 An' tak' your mither's advice !

Ye'll no hae her lang, be kind to her noo,
 An' tak' your mither's advice !
 As lang as she lives she'll aye be your frien',
 Nae love like a mither's on earth may be seen,
 An' when she's awa' keep her memory green,
 She aye gied ye guid advice !

The immortal Bard—Robert Burns—has well portrayed a Scottish family fireside in his poetical masterpiece—"The Cottar's Saturday Night." I need not here detain you with a recital of the whole poem, as you are, no doubt, all well aware of its vivid and faithful description of a happy, God-fearing, Christian home, at least such as prevails in the rural districts of Scotland, then and now. Towards the end of the poem—which is a very long one—Burns is at his very best, in patriotic enthusiasm and prophetic exultation, when he exclaims, with all a fervent poet's poetic rapture—in praise of Scottish rural home-training :—

"From scenes like these Auld Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad,
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 An honest man's the noblest work of God !

" Oh ! Scotia ! my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content ;
And, oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion—weak and vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace shall rise the while,
And stand—a wall of fire—around our much-lov'd isle !"

A childhood, and home-training, passed under such devoted parental care and attention, whose moral atmosphere is a legacy of love, cannot but produce the best type of men and women, equipped for the battle of life, capable of suffering and sacrifice, for the sake of principle and conscience, as the history of Scotland doth abundantly testify in the stand her patriots and reformers took for civil and religious liberty, when haughty and unholy powers dared to invade her sea-girt heather hills, and sought to enslave her sons, and dictate unjust laws and taxes on her brave and independent people. No wonder that the patriotic Scot, at home and abroad, is so fond of the thistle and the heather, that were so often stained with the best blood of their brave and valiant ancestors, when they fought and bled in the defence of freedom and justice. Hear the Scottish exile, as he tenderly handles a small bunch of purple heather, sent out to him from "freens at hame," all carefully wrapped up, and consigned to him in an Old Country newspaper, from Oban, in the Highlands of Scotland :—

A BUNCH O' HEATHER.

Dear token frae my native lan',
Thou bonnie bunch o' heather !
I'll shelter ye wi' tender han'
Frae oor extremes o' weather ;
I'll plant ye in a pat o' mool
Brought a' the way frae Oban,
An' slochan ye wi' water cool
An' clear as frae Loch Loman' !

An' when the Scotchman's day comes roon—
Saint Andra's day sae cheerie—
I'll tak' ye wi' me to the toon,
To busk my old Glengarry ;

An' you'll see faces there you ken,
 Wha speiled wi' me the heather,—
 Braw Hielan' lasses an' their men
 Shall dance a reel thegither !

Then will I gie ye, bit by bit,
 Each ane a sprig o' heather,—
 To keep ye a' I'll no be fit
 Aince we meet a' thegither !
 At sight o' ye we'll a' feel good,
 We loe sae ane anither ;
 For, ye maun ken, we're unco' prood
 O' Scotlan' an' her heather !

How aft your purple face has seen
 Auld Scotia's heroes gather ?
 How aft the martyr's bluid hath been
 Spill'd ruthless on the heather ?
 For Freedom, Liberty, an' Right,
 Read Scotlan's deathless story,
 Oor faithers left us by their might
 A heritage o' glory !

A Scotchman is said to have little or no humor in his composition—I suppose on account of his “ proverbial hard-headedness ! ” But this is a libel on his intelligence. A story may best illustrate this quaint humor :

A Scottish laird engaged a piper to awaken him, every lawful morning during the week, by playing the bagpipes under his bedroom window. Donald, however, had been “ at the barley-bree ” ower lang ae Saturday nicht, and, in consequence, was not overly bricht the next morning, and forgot it was the Sabbath. However, out he went with his pipes as usual, and was soon “ skirling away ” under the laird's bedroom window. At the first sound of the “ chanter ” the laird awoke, rubbed his eyes in astonishment, and in doubt as to what day it was. Soon, in great wrath, he called upon Donald to stop—shouting at the pitch of his voice, from the open window of his bedroom :—

“ Donald, dae ye no ken the fourth commandment ? ”

“ No,” answered Donald, “ I dinna ken that tune ; but whistle it, an' I'll sune play it for ye ! ”

True, a Scotchman's fun is not generally of a foolish nature, but his dry, pawky, sarcastic answers to would-be “ wits,” creates the

laugh in his favor every time. A party of English tourists, from south of the Tweed were "doing Arran," a mountainous island off the west coast of Scotland, and a sturdy Highland guide was sent with them from Brodick Bay Hotel, as he said, "to tak' care o' them, and see that the strangers didna' fa' doon the gullies, an' brak their banes!" When nearing the top of Goat-fell—the highest mountain in Arran—"the veesitors were a' sair forfouchen," but Sandy—who seemed quite at home on the hills—was not in the least broken-winded. While taking a rest near the summit of the mountain, the travellers could not refrain from poking fun at "Sandy," at his "kilts," and his droll Highland accent. He said nothing for some time, but he was busy thinking. The visitors were in raptures, and all admired the wild but beautiful scenery spread before them, as on every hand were visible—like a grand panorama of Nature—the heathery tops of hills and mountains, dangerous precipices, and lovely landscapes. All at once the eloquent silence of Nature was interrupted, by one of the Englishmen exclaiming, in a loud voice, that startled deep-thinking and meditative Sandy:—"Great Scott! what a country of ups and downs!"

That nettled him, and awoke his ire, for he interpreted the exclamation of the Englishman as nothing less than an insult to his native Scotland.

"Look here, ma freen," said he, "ye sud stey up here a guid lang while on the tap o' this mountain, for I'm thinkin' ye'll neffer win nearer tae heafen than ye are the noo!"

At which reply the jolly company laughed till the echoes rang from peak to peak.

One of the party, so as to prolong the fun, poked Sandy in the ribs gently, and reminded him, that the Queen of England ruled Ireland, as well as Scotland. But Scotty was not to be caught with chaff, for he is aye loyal to the Stuart, from which family the Queen of England is in direct descent.

"Och aye!" he said, "o'or ain guid Queen,—God bless her!—she's Hielan' too! she's mair Hielan' than English! She's a Stuart, an' she comes doon tae Balmoral every simmer to get a sniff o' oor caller air, an' syne gangs back tae England as strong as a Hielan' powny, an' as fat as a butter-ba'! Och, aye! we're a' gey prood o' Scotlan'; an' we hae naething to be ashamed o' neither!" and then

he crooned a bit lilt in his ain pure Doric that clinched the argument to a finish :—

OH ! I'LL AYE BE PROOD O' SCOTLAND

Oh, I'll aye be prood o' Scotland
Wherever I may be,
There never was a fairer land
Girt by the rolling sea !
Wi' mountains tow'ring up on high,
Lochs, rivers, flowing free,
Lang gloamin' sunsets in the sky,
A bonnie sicht to see !

Oh, I'll aye be prood o' Scotland,
Where genius brightly burns,
Wi' monuments on ilka hand
To Wallace, Knox, and Burns !
Such names as these shall ever stand
High on the scroll of fame,
Her sons are found in every land,
A credit to her name !

Oh, I'll aye be prood o' Scotland,
Her heather and her hills,
Roun' a' the earth there is nae land
Such love my bosom thrills ;
I'll brave the dangers o' the deep
Auld Scotland's face to see,
An' when I dee I'd like to sleep
My lang last sleep in thee !

A Scotchman's love of country is at once his greatest weakness and his greatest strength. He may be excused, however, his fervent fondness for his native land, as her scenery is hardly surpassed for wealth of beauty, wild grandeur, and water privileges, in the same given space, on any portion of the world's surface, except it be in our own British Columbian Province, which is even now fast being reclaimed from Nature, and developed for mining, manufacturing, and commercial purposes, through the modern facilities for travel, since the Canadian Pacific Railway has united the two great oceans—Atlantic and Pacific—planned, pushed, and completed by a well-known Glasgow Scotchman, Sir John A. Macdonald.

Glasgow—the manufacturing and commercial metropolis of

Scotland—is a veritable hive of industry. The river Clyde sends her shipping to every known and unknown quarter of the globe; ships are built there for war, commerce, and speed, superior to that of any other country; and a sail up the Clyde, on an incoming American steamer, (Clyde built) is an experience, once enjoyed, not soon forgotten. For seven miles along the banks, on both sides of the river near Glasgow, are immense ship-building yards, where, “from early morn till dewy eve,” the continual clanging noise of heavy hammers, swung lustily by thousands of rivetters, are heard busily at work on the iron plates and hulls of future “leviathans of the deep” for British commerce or war.

A sail down the Clyde to “the auld toon o’ Ayr,” Burns’ birthplace, in regard to which he loyally sung:—

“The toon—nae ither toon surpasses,
For honest men an’ bonnie lassies!”

is another experience of real pleasure and interest to the traveller. On the one hand, the beautiful Ayrshire coast, on the other the romantic “Kyles of Bute,” with the fairy islands of Cumbrae and Arran—like emerald gems in golden setting:—

“Whose summits kiss the fleeting clouds,
And lend their shadows to the sea.”

As you approach the pier of Ayr, the memory of Burns and his songs seem to affect your senses, like rich old wine, so as to make you sing, reverently, almost under your breath:—

“Ye banks an’ braes o’ bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh an’ fair.”

Aye! how can ye bloom sae fresh an’ fair, when ye know that Robert Burns is dead these hundred years? But, No! answers back the echoes of Auld Alloway kirk-yard, with its weird and hallowed memories of witch and warlock! No! Robert Burns still lives, and shall live for all time, in the hearts and lives of freedom-loving humanity—for his songs were made for “the good and true” of Christendom, and are fresher to-day than when they first dropped from the trembling lips and the throbbing heart of one of Nature’s noblemen; though in the guise of a humble but soul-lit tiller of the soil. I will here introduce an original Burns’ Centenary Ode to his immortal memory:—

ROBERT BURNS' CENTENARY.

BORN 25th JAN., 1759.—DIED 21st JULY, 1796.
(Aged 37 Years.)

One hundred years since Burns died,
And hundreds more may roll,
Still shall he be Auld Scotia's pride,
High on her honoured scroll;
His songs have won the human heart
Wherever shines the sun,—
Great High Priest of poetic art,
Thy work was nobly done!

They say that thou art dead—not so!
True poets never die!
For on and on their measures flow,
As boundless as the sky!
Glad songs of HOPE, and LOVE, and TRUTH,
Shall never know decay,—
Burns lives in an eternal youth,
While empires pass away.

His songs of HOPE have cheer'd the slave
On many a dark domain,
Glad echoes roll from wave to wave,
And bid them break their chain!
"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."
Burns taught the Brotherhood of Man,
The tyrant laugh'd to scorn!

His songs of LOVE are sung to-day
On every foreign shore,
And shall with human hearts hold sway,
Till time shall be no more!
Their dove-notes mild can soothe a child,
Or play the lover's part
In court or cottage—love-beguil'd—
They woo and win the heart!

His songs of TRUTH all creeds uphold—
"A man's a man for a' that!"
An honest man's as good as gold,
An' nane can yet misca' that!
He had his faults, and so have we,
His virtues let us cherish;
His songs are sung from sea to sea,
Burns' name shall never perish!

Robert Burns' prophecy has come to pass; the prophet that had little or no honour during life, in his own country, is now the idolized poet of Scotland, and the best understood singer—since the days of King David—the world has ever seen! On his deathbed, with feeble, trembling voice, he uttered these prophetic words to his dear wife, bonnie Jean:—"Jean, the warld 'ill think mair o' me an' my sangs a hundred years from now!" And his faithful "Bonnie Jean," never bonnier and better loved by him than now, as his last few fading hours slipt past, said, as she smoothed his tear-wet pillow, and cooled his fevered brow with loving hands: "Oh, yes, Robin, the warld 'ill no forget ye whan ye're deed: but, dinna ye fash aboot the warld noo." Thus died the gifted Bard of Bonnie Doon, who wrote, and deeply experienced in his own short chequered life the great truth, that

"Man was made to mourn!"

But now, however, on account of my native and poetical enthusiasm for Burns, I am getting away, somewhat, from the subject in hand. You will pardon this digression, perhaps, as we cannot well speak of Scotland and the Scot, without, somehow, introducing our immortal Bard—Robert Burns.

There are so many characteristics of the genuine Scot that it is somewhat difficult to treat of him, exhaustively, in a short paper such as this. He is a deeply religious character, as the political and ecclesiastical history of Scotland during Covenanting times, and on till the Disruption period of 1843, doth abundantly testify. During these eventful centuries of invasion, political intrigue, religious persecution, and cruel martyrdom, the people of Scotland passed, and were tried—as gold is tried in the fire—and came they forth more than conquerors, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and devotion to Scotland's Solemn League and Covenant, which many of our forefathers, literally and actually, subscribed to with their own heart's blood. For liberty and right, for purity of faith and doctrine, for the right and exercise of private judgment, for God, home, and country, our noble sires fought, bled, and died on many a bloody field, bleak moor, and rugged mountain pass, often against great odds, until their enemies found out—to their deadly cost—that Scotland and the Scots were not born for slavery, and that, as a nation, they never could be conquered; then, and not

till then, came "the piping times of peace," when Scotland could dictate her terms of union and equality with England as a part—and no insignificant part—of that great kingdom on whose domains the sun never sets. And we to-day, at home and abroad, as Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, and Evangelical worshippers of different denominations, enjoy a freedom of worship and purity of doctrine—"none daring to make us afraid,"—on account of those sturdy Reformers, under the leadership of John Knox, who would rather starve than be made the tools and toys of government policy, party, or patronage.

Was Scotland ungrateful to God for these deliverances and victories? No! verily!—the fathers and mothers of Scotland for generations, yea, even unto this day, give God the glory, and teach their children to value liberty of conscience, purity and simplicity of worship, industry and frugality, love of truth, and all that tendeth to exalt and make a nation great; and, to-day, her sons go forth to every land, as pioneers of civilization, and leaders among the people, in every clime and country under the sun! We are sometimes taunted as being "sour, long-faced, Scotch-Calvinistic Presbyterians," because we believe and act as if "God was a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Him, and keep His commandments." He was, and is, just such a God to Scotland, for His strong right hand has always been, and always will be, with fighters for Truth and Freedom, patriotism and principle, no matter what the overwhelming odds may be. Calvinism is not fatalism, as some would have us believe, but simply and purely a firm and well-founded belief in God, as the Righteous Judge, Over-ruler, and Dispenser of eternal justice, and yet, the exponent of a love for fallen man so great, that His own dear Son was not withheld as a ransom, so that our redemption might be accomplished. The Covenanters and Reformers of Scotland fought an unequal contest—yet prevailed—for they wielded the two-edged sword "of the Lord and of Gideon," till the strong walls of tyranny, slavery, and superstition had to capitulate.

Listen to the soul-stirring address of King Robert the Bruce to his soldiers, on the eve of a battle that was to decide, forever, the fate of Scotland!—True, the Scots were out-numbered—three to

one!—but it was liberty or slavery—it was victory or death—it was win or die at Bannockburn!

“SCOTS WHA HAE!”

“Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victory!
Now’s the day, an’ now’s the hour,
See the front of battle lour,
See approach proud Edward’s power—
Chains and slavery!”

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward’s grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn an’ flee!
Wha for Scotlan’s king an’ law
Freedom’s sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand! or freeman fa’!
Let him on wi’ me!

By Oppression’s woes an’ pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty’s in every blow!
Let us do or dee!”

Another admirable trait of character in the Scot is his genuine love for “bonnie lassies!” and “the lassies” are not adverse to the admiration of “braw, braw lads!” It is said that “a laggard in love is a laggard in war!” and we have it well substantiated that “Scotty” is no laggard in war, neither is he when in love! A little slow, perhaps, but very persevering; he, of all men, realizes that it is a “life and death issue,” to “pop the question!” This fact and peculiarity is often well illustrated in the romance and songs of Scotland.

An anecdote may not be amiss here, by way of illustration:—

A young couple had just been married; and, the ceremony over, they were seated together on a sofa waiting to be called in to the

wedding breakfast, just being prepared for the guests, in an adjoining room. The young husband was heard to venture the remark to his new-made bride :

“ Jeannie, noo, haven’t I been rale cevil wi’ ye ! for a’ the time we were courtin’, I never took a kiss, or even asked for ane ! ”

“ Oh, aye, Johnnie, ye’ve been rael cevil—*senselessly* cevil ! Ye might hae had a dizzen ! if ye had only daured to tak’ them ! ”

A courageous cheerfulness under difficulties, disappointments, and the thousand and one trials of life, is another admirable trait of Scottish character. His motto is “ a stout heart to a steep hill.” He is a “ plodder ” from the day he learns to walk till the day of his death ! Difficulties with him are but stepping-stones in the ladder of life, and, rung-by-rung, he climbs, till he reaches the height of his ambition. Is he sad—he sings ! Is he lonely, poor or unfortunate—he whistles ! He drank in “ Hope ” with his mother’s milk, as she nursed him on her knee, crooning the Psalms of David and the songs of Robert Burns :—

CHEERY, WHUSTLIN’ MEN.

When troubles rise, like cluds in skies,
 An’ a’ things eerie seem,
 Keep up your heart, though freens depart,
 Nae time is that to dream !
 The weakest man in a’ the lan’,
 Is he that has nae foe ;
 Trust mair in self than freens or pelf,
 An’ whustle as ye go !

CHO.—Just whustle to yersel’, my man,
 Some cantie tune ye ken,
 The deil himsel’ can’t stan’ the spell,
 O’ cheery, whustlin’ men !

Should love beguile, just wait awhile,
 There’s guid fish in the sea,
 The fickle jaud may get nae lad,
 She’s no’ the lass for thee !
 Tak’ time to think, and in a blink
 The richt lass ye will see ;
 Just whustle some, an’ she will come,
 Wi’ love-licht in her e’e !—CHO.

Some married men, as ye may ken,
 Hae sometimes cause to dree—
 A scoldin' wife may vex his life,
 An' oot the house he'll flee!
 But don't do that, like frichted cat,
 Just tak' advice frae me!
 Be unca fain, and haud the wean,
 An' syne she'll mask the tea!

CHO.—She canna whustle like you, guid man,
 An' that ye brawly ken;
 But she can sing, an' comfort bring,
 To cheery, whustlin' men!

The genuine Scot is a loving and lovable character. If any proof were wanted that the Scotch are a tender-hearted, home-loving, and poetic people, I need only refer you to the folk-lore and ballads of our country, and the love songs of Burns, Scott, and Tannahill, and a host of other poets and writers of Scottish romance, whose universal utterances are the tender sentiments of love, the heroism of the patriot, and the happiness of home-life, in its highest and holiest development. There is, however, a droll, pawky, weird humor, sometimes exhibited in the way a Scotchman "pops the question," to "his ain lassie," especially if he is by nature a little backward in "courting." He has been known to wait seven years for "an opportunity!" This may be illustrated by the following "ower true tale!" A young couple were out walking and talking "sweet nothings" to each other one fine Sabbath evening; and, as usual, on the evening of that holy day, they found themselves in the churchyard, or burial-ground of the parish, among the graves, looking solemnly and amiably at the different headstones. At last they came to a part of the grounds better known to Sandy as their own family plot, and as he looked gravely down, he said, in a low sepulchral voice, and with a heavy sigh:—"Maggie, my faither lies there, an' my mither, she lies there, an' when I dee, I expect to lie there. How would you like to lie there wi' me, too? Noo, Maggie, if ye like me rael weel, an' dinna like to say it oot loud, just squeeze my han' an' I'll ken it's a' richt between us twa for life and death." The exact verbal answer Maggie made to him, on that *solemn* occasion, was never publicly

known, except in the fact that the announcement of their marriage was soon after in all the Glasgow papers.

Scotch marriages, as a rule, are happy unions, but there are exceptions to almost every rule, and there are black sheep even in Scotland. As an instance of this I will relate an incident that happened not a hundred miles from Kirkealdy. A young, likely couple had been married by their ain parish minister, and all went "merry as a marriage-bell." Soon after, however, a rumor went around the village that they weren't agreein' sae weel as might be expected frae their kindly ways to each other before marriage. At last the rumor got to the minister's ears, and he thought it his duty to "make a ca' on them," as he passed their cottage. On nearing the house, sure enough, he heard loud and angry words being passed inside. He knocked loudly at the door, and, after a deadly silence, it was opened by the guid-wife, all smiles and hearty welcome to the minister. After exchanging remarks anent the weather, the minister ventured to say, that he thought he had heard angry words as he approached their cottage, and he fain hoped that they were no disagreeing.

"'Deed were we, minister," said the husband. "She wants to be maister, an' I'll no lat her."

"Oh!" said the minister, "that'll no dae. Tak' a lesson frae the cat and the dog liein' there sae couthie on the fire-en'—twa opposite natures—an' yet they agree."

"Oh, aye, it's a' very fine as an illustration," said the husband, "but tie they twa thegither, an' see hoo lang they'll agree."

But, nevertheless, the lads and lasses of Scotland are "unco fond o' ane anither." When Scotch lassie Jean is in love she is reported as "clean gane daft about Jock," and she is heard to lament in her fond absent-mindedness:—

"Oh! love, love, love,
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna lat a puir lassie
Gang about her business."

And Jock, he is, if anything, in a worse frame of mind, for he tells Jean, that if she winna hae him, he maun just "lie doon an' dee!" At lang an' last, after a seven years' courtship—she accepts

him "just to save him," as she says, "from deein'!" An' then, in no stinted measure, he sings her praises, and calls down everlasting blisses and kisses on the very "blink o' her bonnie blue e'e!"

THE BLINK O' HER BONNIE BLUE E'E!

There's naething in life so entrancing,
An' sae fu' o' endearment to me,
As Maggie's sweet smile when advancing,
An' the blink o' her bonnie blue e'e!

CHORUS—The blink o' her bonnie blue e'e
Is mair than earth's riches to me,
I'm aye weel content
While on me is spent
The blink o' her bonnie blue e'e!

Her voice is like music frae Heaven,
An' her lips like June rose-buds to see;
To love an' distraction I'm driven
By the blink o' her bonnie blue e'e!
CHORUS—"The blink o' her bonnie blue e'e," etc.

The cares o' this life are engrossing,
But forgat when she smiles upon me,
My bark's on a stormy sea tossing,
Guided safe by the blink o' her e'e!
CHORUS—"The blink o' her bonnie blue e'e," etc.

At last, when life's voyage is over,
I'll lay me at peace doon to dee,
If ower me I then may discover
Love's-licht in her bonnie blue e'e!
CHORUS—"The blink o' her bonnie blue e'e," etc.

The hospitality of the Scot is proverbial; for, if he falls in with a kindred spirit, or, as he terms it, "a cronie o' mine," he will often share his last crust with him, or "hae a wee drappie o' something snell" atween them! The following song will best illustrate this trait of character, from the standpoint of the gushing hospitality of the proverbial Scot, at home or abroad, as he feelingly parts company "vi an auld and tried frien'!"

CALL IN AS YE GAE BY!

Oor hoose is sma', but snod and clean,
 Ye'll get a welcome frae oor Jean,
 Her scourin'-things shine like a preen,—
 Aye ca' in as ye gae by!

CHORUS—We'll mak' ye welcome, Jean an' I,
 Aye ca' in as ye gae by;
 'Tho' ye be hungry, wat or dry,
 Aye ca' in as ye gae by!

Oor bonnie weans—like staps-an'-stairs—
 Will no pit on dour, saucy airs,
 But rin an' get ye cosy chairs,—
 Aye ca' in as ye gae by!

CHORUS—"We'll mak' ye welcome," etc.

We'll sing a sang, or hae a crack,
 O' sense an' wit we'll hae nae lack,
 To put in min' the days gaen back,—
 Aye ca' in as ye gae by!

CHORUS—"We'll mak' ye welcome," etc.

We'll crack o' freens ayont the sea,
 O' scenes sae dear to you an' me,
 We'll mind an' lo'e until we dee,—
 Aye ca' in as ye gae by!

CHORUS—"We'll mak' ye welcome," etc.

True friendship is life's greatest bliss,
 Its pleasures wha wad like to miss?
 If ye be oors—tak' tent to this,—
 Aye ca' in as ye gae by!

CHORUS—"We'll mak' ye welcome," etc.

Another trait of Scottish life and character is a Scotchman's intense patriotism for the old land even after he has found a new home on some foreign shore. This may be illustrated by the following original poem on:—

SCOTLAND,—THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

SCOTLAND! my own, my native land,
 Thy broomy hills and silv'ry streams,
 They haunt me on this foreign strand—
 How oft I see them in my dreams!
 I clap my hands in childish glee,
 And play again upon thy shore;
 But, waking, weep! no more for me
 Those happy, happy, days of yore!

I've wander'd from thee, fairest land !
And pine upon another shore,—
Strange sights and scenes on every hand
Remind me, that I love thee more !
A sprig of heather from thy hills,
A bonnie flower from yon sweet dell,—
At sight of these my fond heart thrills
And throbs beneath their potent spell !

I hear a sang—a sang o' thee !
Sung in the Doric, pure and sweet,
Of Scottish love and chivalry,
With pleasure I am like to greet ;
I hear a voice—one like my own—
While passing by some market-place,
In accent, pathos, twang, and tone—
And claim my kin—a Scottish face !

Oh ! dearest land on God's fair earth,
May I be spared thy face to see !
Land of my sires ! Land of my birth !
Nane ither can be "hame" to me !
Where'er my wand'ring footsteps rove,
This heart is ever true to thee !
And warmest blessings, pray'rs, and love,
Are daily wafted over the sea !

It is said that in Canada, the Scotch, as enterprising and progressive settlers, practically rule the country. Three Premiers of Canada, in succession, have been Scotchmen ! The leading members of our Dominion and Local Parliaments speak the Doric ! The presidents and managers of our banks and railways are for the most part either Scotch, or direct descendants from "the land o' cakes." The professors in our colleges, the ministers in our pulpits, the doctors in our medical schools and hospitals, the principals and teachers in our public schools, are all more or less tainted with the Doric : and, as this is true in Canada, so is it in all of our British Colonies, east and west, and also obtains largely in the great Republic to the south of us.

On the restless, ever-changing tide of humanity—and in the great swim of life—the indomitable Scot bobs up to the surface—like a cork—to his own credit, and to the honour of his native Scotland. And, curious to note, the farther a Scotchman travels or resides from his native land, he grows the more intensely loyal and patriotic.

and has a feverish longing to “gang hame” on a visit to “bonnie Scotland!” Listen to his pathetic utterances, as he gazes across the sea, from some far-off shore in Asia, Africa, America, or Australia. With outstretched hands, and tear-dimmed longing eyes, he exclaims :—

“DEAR LAND AYONT THE SEA!”

I stand upon a foreign shore
And gaze across the sea,
Fond memories bridge the waters o'er,
Sweet home-thoughts come to me ;
Aince mair I see the bonnie hills,
Feel gladsome, young and free,
My heart with loyal rapture thrills—
Dear land ayont the sea.

I see aince mair the gowans fair,
And scent the hawthorn bloom,
I feel the pure, sweet, mountain air
Blaw fresh frae heather broom ;
I hear glad voices as of yore
Sing sangs o' love to me,
Oh ! shall I ever see thee more,
Dear land ayont the sea !

May Heaven grant me this request
Before the day I dee,
To see the land I love the best,
My birthplace o'er the sea ;
And oh ! methinks, I would be blest,
When soars my spirit free,
To ken my body yet would rest
At hame ayont the sea !

In conclusion, such is a fairly true picture of “The Scot—at Home and Abroad!” Daring and enterprising—loyal and patriotic—loving and sympathetic to a fault; generous, and yet of a saving and thrifty nature; a hater of bigotry, yet deeply religious; home-loving, yet a born traveller; a true friend, but a dangerous enemy; stubborn and unyielding where principle and honour are involved—yet as gentle as a child—independent as a judge—and as proud as Lucifer! Such are the genuine characteristics of the indomitable Scot, at home or abroad :—

"SCOTTY."

Yes ! ca' me "Scotty" if ye will,
For sic' a name can mean nae ill,
O' a' nick-names just tak' yer fill—
I'm quite content wi' "Scotty !"

To be a Scot is nae disgrace,
Maist folk can trust a guid Scotch face,
He's never lang oot o' a place,—
The honest, faithful "Scotty !"

A Scotchman has the knack to plod,
Through thick an' thin he'll bear his load,
His trust is aye in richt an' God,—
The perseverin' "Scotty !"

He's 'tentive baith to kirk an' mart,
To friends he's true an' hard to part ;
In life's great race he needs nae start,
"I'll win or dee," says "Scotty !"

An' if he meets wi' ane or twa
O' Scotlan's sons when far awa',
They'll 'gree like brithers ane an' a',—
A "clannish" man is "Scotty !"

Though aft he travels far frae hame,
He's aye a Scotchman a' the same,
An' prood to crack o' Scotlan's fame,—
A loyal son is "Scotty !"

Should Scotlan' ever need his help,
He'll gie her enemies a skelp,
An' mak' them rin like frichted whelp,
And gie respect to "Scotty !"

Then ca' me "Scotty" if ye will,
Nick-name like that can work nae ill,
I'll shake yer hand wi' richt guid will,
Gin ye but ca' me "Scotty !"

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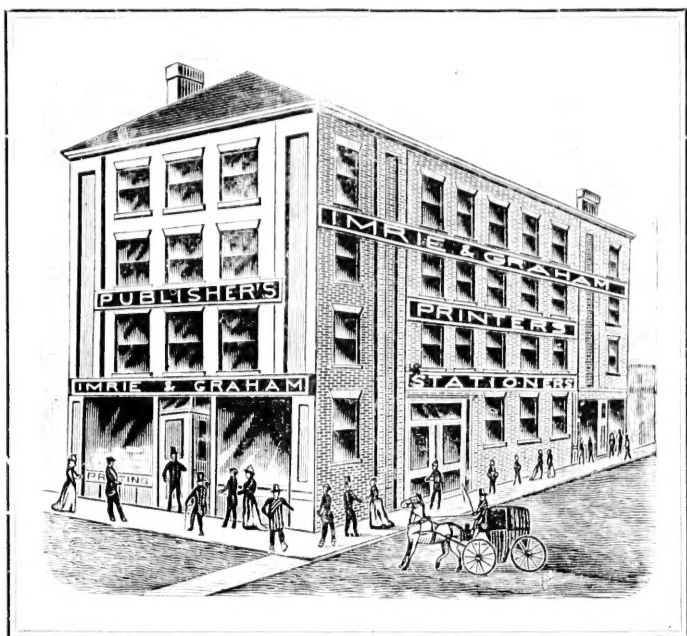
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